THE LOVES OF HERO and LEANDER.

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TRANSLATED

From the GREEK of MUSÆUS.

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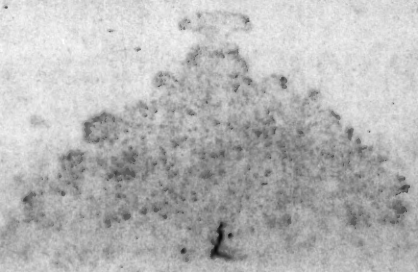

TO

Miſs *F---y M---c---r---y*.

TO You the Muſe ſubmits her virgin lays,
Fearleſs of cenſure, if You deign to praiſe.
Critics perhaps may trivial errors find,
To faults ſharp-ſighted, but to beauty blind:
May here and there an epithet arraign,
Siſt the looſe chaff, o'erlook the purer grain:
Why let 'em, and the chaff reward their pain!

Theſe dim-ey'd Moles, that wink againſt the light,
Explore the ſhady parts, but ſhun the bright.
To write with flame, would kill 'em at a ſtroke,
If painful flaſhes left no friendly ſmoke.
'Twas not for theſe the ſweet MUSÆUS ſung,
'Twas for the Fair, the Witty, and the Young.
For ſuch nice Critics of the am'rous art
He drew the nobleſt Paſſion of the Heart;
And o'er the piece ſuch lively colours laid,
That Love ſhall periſh, e'er his picture fade.
To theſe he wrote, and courted their applauſe,
Nor cramp'd his genius by pedantic laws;
Pleas'd, if a ſparkling Toaſt of Greece ſhould ſay,
" In *Hero*'s portrait I my own ſurvey:
" To ſuch a Youth, who ſpoke ſuch tender things,
" Who flew o'er waves, as borne on Cupid's wings,
" Alas! who wou'd not give up prudiſh zeal,
" And *Hero*-like the ſoft emotion feel?

" Alas!

" Alas! who wou'd not with officious care
" Wring the ſalt moiſture from his flaxen hair?
" Who wou'd not cling enamour'd round the Swain,
" And with the choiceſt pleaſure crown his pain?
Then to do juſtice to his charming piece,
And ſhew that Britain may contend with Greece,
I to a proper judge the ſong ſubmit,
Who Attic beauty boaſts with Attic wit:
While flow'rs tranſplanted to your hands I bring,
The richeſt product of the Grecian ſpring,
Where Fancy faireſt bloom'd: nor doubt they'll riſe
In florid growth, if cheriſh'd by your eyes.

Say then, for pedants I'll conſult no more:
Ladies judge beſt of Love's myſterious lore.
Say, if my lines a happy ſoftneſs ſhow,
Say, if, when Love I paint, my verſes glow:
Conſult your breaſt, and, flattery apart,
Say, if my lays keep meaſure with your heart.

For as the eagle bears with rapid flight
His callow infant to the fount of light;
There proves him genuine, if with fix'd ſurvey
He basks and wantons in the flaſhing ray:
So muſt I boldly wing my flight as high,
The faults or merit of my work to try:
Muſt with your Sun-like Eyes compare my Lines,
To ſee if *Hero*'s glance reſiſtleſs ſhines:
Beg that you'd commune with your glaſs, that I
May learn if *Hero* wears the lovelieſt dye:
If ſuch her beauty in my numbers ſhows,
That wou'd attract o'er ſeas ev'n Britiſh Beaux.
Then ſay, Fair LADY, if *Leander*'s tongue
More ſweetly warbles than Italian Song:
If his old Courtſhip be politely ſmooth,
Such as a modern Belle of Taſte wou'd ſoothe:
Such as wou'd ſoften Rocks, and charm a Prude,
Tho' the moſt rigid of that Stoic brood.

But

But here, unleſs my languid meaſures fail,
And faintly colour the love-labour'd tale,
You'll drop a ſecret tear, when here you find
The Lover fearleſs of the wave or wind,
Urge his bold way acroſs the ſtormy deep,
In Neptune's now, not *Hero*'s bed, to ſleep:
When Love's gay torch to Pluto's torch ſhall turn,
And *Hero*, whom but now ſhe cheriſh'd, mourn:
How will you wiſh Abydos' tow'rs had ſtood
From Seſtos parted by no cruel flood!
Or that her Parents had approv'd her flame,
Nor doom'd to fruitleſs chaſtity the Dame!
But ſee what dauntleſs thoughts warm Love inſpires! –
See, in her Bridegroom's arms the Nymph expires!
See, whom ſhe living lov'd, ſhe loves tho' dead,
And joys to claſp him in his wat'ry bed!

Oh! may You bleſt with *Hero*'s ev'ry grace,
Find ſome LEANDER of our Britiſh race;

Conſtant

Conſtant as him, but happier in his fate;
Your paſſion equal their's in all----but date!
May You (and Heav'n confirm my offer'd pray'r)
All *Hero*'s joys, without her ſorrows, ſhare!
May Cupid cull his ſofteſt-feather'd dart,
And wound with nought but Love your tender heart!

THE

THE LOVES OF *HERO* and *LEANDER*.

SING, Muſe, the lamp, that ſhed its conſcious light
On the dark raptures of befriending night;
The Swain too ſing, who ſtemm'd the billowy tide,
And brav'd each danger, to enjoy his Bride:
Myſterious rites record in am'rous lay,
Rites, undiſcover'd to the babbling day.
Let Seſtos too exalt its tow'ry head,
Where Hymen's pleaſures reign'd in Hymen's ſtead.

I hear *Leander* plunge from off the ſhore;
Lo! the foam whitens, and the daſh'd waves roar;
I ſee the lamp far-beaming from above,
The lamp, that faithful harbinger of love;

That, nightly miniſt'ring to *Hero*'s joy,
Brought to her longing arms her fav'rite Boy:
The lamp, fair type of Hymen's purer fire,
The torch of Love, and ſignal of Deſire:
Which claim'd, if Jove had lent a fav'ring eye,
A nobler ſtation in the ſtarry ſky;
There to have ſhone with never-fading beam,
The lover's wiſh, the ſighing virgin's dream;
It's office ſtill the ſame, enlarg'd it's pow'r,
To crown with joys unmix'd the genial hour.
Friendly to Love on earth with wakeful care
It gleam'd auſpicious to the ſleepleſs pair,
A faithful centinel; 'till winds o'ercame
With direful malice the reluctant flame.
Sing, mournful Muſe, *Leander*'s ill-ſtarr'd doom,
The lamp and lover ſunk to endleſs gloom.

Confronting Seſtos' domes Abydos ſtood,
And view'd its neighbour o'er the ſounding flood.
But ſeas in vain diſparting billows roll'd;
No fence can Love's o'erbearing force withold.
For lo! the God his bow unerring drew;
One arrow charg'd with double conqueſt flew:

The

The lands, by waves disjoin'd, yet join'd in pain;
Here bled a tender Damsel, there a Swain.
Hero the maid, the youth *Leander* nam'd;
Her Sestos challeng'd, him Abydos claim'd.
Such radiant beauty in their features glow'd,
Like stars they gilded their distinct abode;
Stars not unlike in lustre, born t' unite,
And intermix their clear congenial light.

If ever chance direct your course that way,
Let gentle pity your soft bosom sway:
Let sadly-pleasing thought provoke a sigh,
And artless nature prompt the streaming eye:
Feel for the Bridegroom, and disastrous Bride,
Who for each other liv'd, each other dy'd.
So may you love like them, but never share
Such bitter sweets, nor taste the cup of care!
There rapt with melancholy joy explore
A tow'r projecting o'er the shelfy shore;
Where Sestian *Hero* held the flamy guide
To steer *Leander* thro' the darksome tide:
There too explore Abydos' sea-vext streight,
Perhaps yet wailing poor *Leander*'s fate

With plaintive roar; while Winds with eccho'd ſighs
Weep for their guilt, and howl along the ſkies.
But ſay, how came the fair Abydian ſwain
In love's ſoft fetters *Hero* to enchain?

Hero in lineage, as in form, divine,
In prieſtly function ſerv'd at Venus' ſhrine;
There in a turret, circled by the Main,
She liv'd, unconſcious of Love's pleaſing pain:
Another Venus; ſuch celeſtial grace
Gleam'd from her eyes, and ſparkled in her face.
Becalm'd in innocence ſhe paſs'd her days,
Declining cenſure, nor affecting praiſe.
To ſhun the taint of ſcandal's venom'd tongue,
She ne'er conforted with the female throng:
Ne'er went at vanity's or pleaſure's call
To add new luſtre to the ſplendid ball.
She knew ſuch glitt'ring baits had oft betray'd
Th' unguarded virtue of the thoughtleſs maid:
To ſhine at balls in Women envy rais'd,
And by the Men 'twas ruin to be prais'd.
For nought provokes ſo much a Woman's ſpleen,
As graces darted from a rival mien.

Monopoly of beauty each would claim,
And hates all fair competitors for fame.
Content and pleas'd to do her taſk enjoin'd,
No other joys, or cares employ'd her mind.
To ſoothe the Cyprian queen ſhe us'd her art,
And tender'd Love all off'rings, but her heart.
Much did ſhe dread that deadly quiver'd foe;
But caution fail'd to ward the threaten'd blow,
Weak ſhield againſt his flame-emitting bow.

For now to Venus and Adonis' ſhade
Seſtos the ſolemn feſtal honours paid:
To celebrate the day each ſea-girt land
In tiding numbers pour'd a youthful band.
Waſte and unpeopled lay Hæmonia's plain;
Ev'n Cypros yielded to a rival fane.
That time no virgin trod the mazy round
On Libanus with fragrant cedars crown'd:
No muſic warbled thro' the balmy air:
The feaſt to viſit was the public care.
A deathful ſilence in Cythera reign'd,
Of ev'ry youth, of ev'ry damſel drain'd.

All Phrygia to the holy revels preſs'd,
And near Abydos join'd the num'rous gueſt.
No am'rous ſwain, no vot'ry ſtaid away,
Who honour'd beauty, and confeſs'd its ſway.
For they all public feſtivals attend
More for a gay, than a religious end:
The Fair to ogle, they to temples run,
And leave all rites, but thoſe of Love, undone.

Now *Hero* to her charge herſelf addreſs'd,
And ſtood in majeſty of form confeſt:
Along the ſhrine now mov'd with graceful tread,
And from her beamy eyes mild luſtre ſhed.
So looks the bright-orb'd Regent of the night,
When thro' the gloom ſhe ſhoots her ſilver light.
Amidſt her bloomy cheeks unſullied ſnow
In pleaſing contraſt ſpread the crimſon glow.
So from th' expanding cup the infant Roſe
In double pride, and blended tincture, blows.
Her ev'ry limb in ev'ry charm array'd,
Hero a flow'r-enamel'd mead diſplay'd.
White robes conceal'd not her vermilion ſkin;
Tranſlucent Roſes glitter'd from within.

Where'er

Where'er ſhe walk'd, ſhe breath'd ſo ſweet perfume,
Beneath her footſteps Vi'lets ſeem'd to bloom.
Exhauſtleſs Graces all around ſhe flung:
Only of three, old fabling poets ſung:
But when fair *Hero* ſmiling glances threw,
From each love-darting orb a hundred Graces flew.
Fit prieſteſs ſhe, and worthy beauty's Queen,
Who equal beauties open'd in her mien!
With her no virgin dar'd conteſt the prize,
The brighteſt yielded to her brighter eyes.
Such heav'nly rays from ev'ry feature ſtream'd,
Servant of Venus, Venus' ſelf ſhe ſeem'd.
Quick thro' each ſwain the ſoft contagion ſtole;
The charmer glided to the raptur'd ſoul.
No youth but ſigh'd thoſe balmy joys to taſte,
Which in the circle of her arms were plac'd.
Each motion made the growing paſſion ſwell;
No random glance ſhe threw, but lovers fell.
Where'er ſhe mov'd along the ſplendid fane,
With hearts and eyes purſu'd the gallant train.
Some youth aſtoniſh'd, as he ardent gaz'd,
Utter'd his raptures, and the fair-one prais'd.

"No

" No trivial critic with well-travel'd eyes
" I've ſeen what beauties gild Laconian ſkies:
" Where ev'ry Nymph calls forth each ſtriking charm,
" Lovers t'enſlave, and rivals to diſarm:
" Where hardy Warriors ſofter paſſions feel,
" Subdu'd by glances, tho' a proof to ſteel.
" But ne'er till now ſo ſweet a mien I ſaw,
" A form that tempts, and modeſt looks that awe.
" Perhaps the youngeſt of the Graces' train
" Glads with attendance Cytherea's fane.
" Tir'd, but not ſated, is my eager ſight,
" Feaſting on looks, ſo bounteous of delight.
" Give me, kind Fate, t'enjoy fair *Hero*'s charms;
" Ev'n death were extaſy within her arms!
" Gods might unenvy'd nectar quaff above,
" If matchleſs *Hero* did but crown my love.
" But if your prieſteſs, Venus, be deny'd,
" Grant me, O grant me, ſuch a bloomy Bride."
Thus ſpoke one youth, while others inward bled,
And their hid flame with ſilent fuel fed.

But you, *Leander*, raviſh'd at the ſight
Of nymph ſo glorious, and divinely bright,

Pin'd

Pin'd not in ſecret; but when Cupid's dart
Had ſtole a ſudden paſſage to your heart,
Reſolv'd with *Hero* nuptial joys to prove,
Or with your being end your luckleſs love.
Her ev'ry glance encreas'd the Paphian fire,
And manhood melted into ſoft deſire.
For faultleſs Virgins keener arrows throw
From brilliant mien, than Cretans from their bow.
They thro' the eye's free entrance ſpeed their way,
Thence reach the ſoul, and on the vitals prey.
Then diff'rent paſſions ſway'd him diff'rent ways,
Fear, boldneſs, modeſty, and fixt amaze:
By turns now fear, now modeſty oppreſs'd,
And baniſh'd all the Lover from his breaſt.
But when her dazzling form he ſaw amaz'd,
Love over modeſty his trophy rais'd.
Then nearer to his Flame he dar'd advance,
And at her beauties dart a ſide-long glance.
Oft he with ſpeechleſs eloquence eſſay'd
Of nods and wreathed ſmiles to move the Maid.
Nor vain his eſſays: for the Maid eſpy'd
His am'rous wiles, and ſwell'd with conſcious pride:

Oft ſhe, vermilion'd o'er with modeſt grace,
Hid with her veil her roſy-glowing face;
Then from her face its cov'ring did remove,
With nods and ſpeaking eyes confeſſing love.
Now thrilling joy he felt in ev'ry vein,
His paſſion known, and known without diſdain.

While now *Leander* chid the ling'ring day,
Weſtward declin'd the Sun's contracted ray:
And Heſperus, kind Beacon of delight,
Uſher'd with duſky beams the welcome night.
Nearer the Damſel he embolden'd drew,
As o'er his bluſhes Gloom her mantle threw:
Then with ſoft ſqueeze her lilly'd fingers preſs'd,
And a deep ſigh emitted from his breaſt.
Her lilly'd fingers, glad to be ſo ſtrain'd,
She gently pull'd away, and anger feign'd.
But when each nod, each beamy ſmile bewray'd
A Heart, like wax, for ſoft impreſſions made:
He boldly ſeiz'd her gay-embroider'd dreſs,
And led her to the inmoſt dome's receſs.
She follow'd ſlow, and ſeem'd to lag behind,
While much her feet bely'd her willing mind:

Then

Then flaſhing from her eyes diſdainful fire,
Thus on *Leander* wreak'd her female ire.
" Stranger, thy folly, and thy hands refrain,
" Nor with rude touch my virgin garments ſtain:
" Hence wing thy ſpeed, and ſhun my parents ſight,
" Ere their juſt vengeance intercept thy flight.
" It ill becomes thee thus an hallow'd Maid
" In this divine Aſylum to invade:
" Revere the Goddeſs, and her anger dread;
" Nor climb with daring hopes my ſpotleſs bed."

Thus ſhe th' Artillery of her ſex employ'd,
But not with threats the fearleſs Youth annoy'd.
He in each frown, each angry word, ſurvey'd
The workings of a mind to Love betray'd.
For female Anger intimates Deſire,
And Threats are ſparkles of Idalian fire.
When coy Diſdain with lightning points their eyes,
Then Cupid ſmiles, and wooes you to the Prize.

This lucky moment bold *Leander* choſe
To ſpeak his anguiſh, and his wound diſcloſe.

Her neck he clip'd, ſweet earneſt of his bliſs,
And taſted all Ambroſia in a kiſs.
His heart beats quick, his eyes with ardour glow,
While from his tongue theſe honey'd accents flow:
" O matchleſs Fair, in whom combin'd are ſeen,
" Venus' ſoft grace, and Pallas' ſtately mien!
" Nought ſpeaks thee earth-born: we muſt trace above
" Thy likeneſs in the Virgin-ſeed of Jove.
" Bleſt was the Sire, the Mother richly bleſt,
" The Womb that bore you, and the Paps you preſs'd.
" Oh! grant my pray'rs a paſſage to your heart,
" And heal with pity's balm a Lover's ſmart.
" As Venus' handmaid, Venus' orgies ſhare,
" And let your works your miniſtry declare.
" Your firm allegiance to your Miſtreſs ſhew
" In taſting joys, her Vot'ries only know.
" Ill-tim'd devotion fires the ſpotleſs Maid,
" Who ſerves the Queen of love, by Love unſway'd.
" Thoſe ſhe abhors, who ritual Shadows mind,
" But the untaſted Subſtance leave behind.
" If in the pleaſing myſtery of Love,
" Tho' yet unſkill'd, you're willing to improve;

" Know,

" Know, in the bridal bed his rites are kept;
" The bridal bed will make you an Adept.
" If to your Queen you'd true obedience pay,
" Cheriſh her Son, and own his gentle ſway:
" Let rebel Chaſtity forego her cauſe,
" And ſooth'd to peace receive his milder laws:
" In me behold your ſlave; (O might I claim
" The envy'd honour of a Huſband's name!)
" Whom Cupid captiv'd as your rightful prize,
" His keeneſt arrows aiming from your eyes.
" So he, who th' earth from ſavage monſters freed,
" Was yet to Omphale a ſlave decreed;
" Him with his golden wand ſwift Hermes brought
" To the fair Nymph, who rugged manhood taught
" Love ev'n thoſe conquer'd, who unconquer'd fought.
" Taſk'd by a Woman, he the diſtaff ply'd;
" And all the Hero in the Lover dy'd.
" But me to you no Hermes priſ'ner bore,
" 'Twas Venus, whom you piouſly adore.
" This happy omen may ſucceſs attend,
" And, as my guide, may Venus prove my friend!
" You too have heard how Atalanta fled
" Milanion's loath'd embrace, and hated bed;

How

" How his ſoft paſſion ſhe with hate repay'd,
" The Youth all over fire, all ice the Maid.
" At length, ſo Venus will'd in wrathful mood,
" The Lover fled, the Nymph in vain purſu'd.
" You too, fair Virgin, with my ſuit comply,
" Nor raſh, like her, your Miſtreſs' pow'r defy;
" But timely warn'd avoid th' avenging pain,
" Annex'd to ſlighted vows, and cold diſdain.

Quick thro' her ear his winning accents ſtole,
And melted all the rigour of her ſoul.
Her coyneſs charm'd with ſuch love-kindling phraſe,
The lambent flame about her boſom plays.
With down-caſt look ſhe ſtands in dumb ſurprize,
And veils the ſparkling witneſs of her eyes:
Then gently ſhaves the ſurface as ſhe treads,
And o'er her bluſhing cheeks her mantle ſpreads.
Theſe ſigns betray a ſoft relenting breaſt:
Conſent in Maids by Silence is expreſt.
Now had dread Cupid's ſweetly-bitter dart
Its pleaſing venom ſhot thro' all her heart;
Now firſt ſhe felt the throbbings of deſire,
And ſecret glowings of a new-born fire:

Leander's

Leander's form confounds her dazzled ſight,
And fills her ſoul with turbulent delight.

While in fixt attitude ſhe downward threw
Her baſhful eyes, the Youth with frantic view
Devour'd her comely ſhape, and neck's delicious hue.
At length to him with utt'rance ſweet ſhe ſpeaks,
While humid bluſhes paint her roſy cheeks.

" Stranger, thy accent, and perſuaſive art,
" Wou'd ſoftneſs ev'n to rigid rocks impart.
" Who train'd thee up in Rhet'rick's flow'ry ways,
" And taught the winning force of courtly phraſe?
" What Dæmon, envious of my chaſte content,
" Thee, deck'd with fatal beauty, hither ſent?
" Alas! who brought thee to this ſhore t' invade
" With gentle violence of ſpeech a Maid?
" But all thy eloquence is loſt in air;
" Untouch'd my heart eludes th' enchanting ſnare.
" For think you I would harbour in my breaſt
" A fickle Rover, and unheard-of Gueſt?
" Or that I'd yield to Hymen's gay delights,
" Unprivileg'd by Hymen's ſolemn rites?

" For,

" For, Stranger, know, and knowing it deſpond,
" My Parents have forbid the nuptial Bond.
" And ſhou'd you ſtay a-while, you'll ever find
" Occaſion to a ſtoln embrace unkind.
" For Slander watches with unſlumb'ring ſight,
" And blabs in open day the deeds of night.
" But to my longing ears, I pray, declare
" What Country nurs'd you, and what name you bear.
" I'm *Hero*, by my rigid parents plac'd
" In a lone turret by the waves embrac'd,
" Faſt by fam'd Seſtos' walls: one female mate
" Shares the joint burthen of my adverſe fate.
" No Nymphs coeval, and no Youths repair
" The mazy dance to lead, or ſoothe my care.
" The ſame dull ſcene is acted o'er and o'er,
" And night and morn I hear the billows roar,
" Daſhing their ſurgy ridges on the ſhore."

Thus having ſpoke, her bluſhy cheeks ſhe hides,
And tacitly herſelf for ſpeaking chides.
But ſtung with keen deſire *Leander* ſought
The wiſh'd-for remedy with anxious thought;

With

With forecaſt deep he weigh'd how beſt he might
Enter the liſts of Love, and urge the pleaſing fight.
For Cupid pains us with afflictive darts,
And to our wound a friendly cure imparts.
If o'er our hearts th' All-ruling Pow'r preſides,
Our ſchemes he ſeconds, and our counſels guides.
He to *Leander* lent his preſent aid,
And to his mind a wholeſome thought convey'd.
At length ſtrong paſſion ſtruggling in his breaſt,
He thus with artful ſpeech the Nymph addreſs'd:
" For love of thee I'll croſs the boiſt'rous tide,
" Tho' fiery waves ſhould hiſs on ev'ry ſide:
" Tho' with dire conflict winds on winds ariſe,
" And foaming billows daſh th' affrighted ſkies;
" I'll brave their rage, and ev'n the danger bleſs,
" That gives me *Hero* in my arms to preſs.
" Swimming the Helleſpont each night, I'll land
" A warm, tho' dripping Bridegroom, on your ſtrand.
" For at Abydos is my dwelling plac'd,
" That fronts your Seſtos o'er the wat'ry waſte.
" But ſtill remember to diſplay a light,
" When deep'ning ſhades bring on the grateful night:

" So may it prove a guiding ſtar to me,
" While I, Love's veſſel, plow the briny ſea!
" On this intent, the never-ſetting Wain
" I'll ſcorn, and fell Orion's ſtormy reign.
" Aided by this, my Bark will ſafely ride
" Into the bliſsful Port with wanton pride.
" But guard againſt the Wind's tumultuous ſtrife,
" Leſt it put out the Taper, and my Life.
" For on the Blaze my vital Lamp depends;
" Hence brilliant ſhines, or with dimm'd luſtre ends.
" My name's *Leander:* may it lucky prove,
" Deſtin'd for *Hero*'s Spouſe, and worthy *Hero*'s love!"

Thus they in well-affianc'd league combin'd
In ſecret Wedlock nightly to be join'd:
She to extend the bridal Torch from high,
And He the dangers of the ſea to try.
Their Nuptials fix'd, they with reluctance part,
And ſigh their forc'd Adieu with aking heart.
She to her Tow'r retires; He, leſt he ſtray
Amidſt the darkneſs in his wat'ry way,

Surveys the place, and ev'ry ſign explores;
Then ploughs the deep, and gains Abydos' ſhores.
Now o'er the blue expanſe the Sun appear'd,
And all but *Hero* and *Leander* chear'd.
They with warm wiſhes night each minute court,
Devote to dalliance, and Idalian ſport.

At length ſtill Night her duſky mantle ſpread,
And Sleep o'er all its balmy influence ſhed,
Save o'er the love-ſick Swain; He wakeful ſtood
On the worn beach of th' hoarſe reſounding flood:
There waits impatient the far-blazing Light,
Auſpicious herald of the ſpouſal night.
But little heeds he what dire Fate decrees,
Nor in the Nuptial-torch the Fun'ral ſees.
When *Hero* kenn'd the ſky-encircling ſhade,
Aloft the ſhining Beacon ſhe diſplay'd,
With ſympathetic glow *Leander*'s breaſt
The ſtreaming luſtre of the Torch confeſs'd:
Burn'd as it burn'd: then ſhudd'ring on the ſhore,
At firſt he dreads the billows' deaf'ning roar;

But now with courage ſteel'd reſigns his fears,
And with reviving words his ſpirits chears:
" Cruel is Love, the ſea no pity knows;
" But Water does his element compoſe:
" Love fiercer thrills me with his ſubtil Flame,
" And ſhoots his poiſon thro' my vital frame.
" Admit, my ſoul, the pleaſing am'rous fire,
" And, big with Cupid, brave moiſt Neptune's ire.
" Be wiſely bold, nor fear the foamy Wave,
" That to the wond'ring world bright Venus gave.
" She o'er the ſea with pow'r deſpotic reigns,
" Becalms its fury, and the Lover's pains."

He ſpoke, and ſudden threw his cloaths aſide,
And his fair limbs reveal'd in native pride.
His garments faſten'd round his head, a leap
Precipitous he took, and plung'd into the deep.
Then makes with neareſt courſe the glitt'ring Mark,
Himſelf the Pilot, Rower, and the Bark.
Hero mean-while, to fence the furious blaſt,
Her ſpreading mantle o'er the Taper caſt;

'Till,

'Till, by its friendly light ſafe wafted o'er,
The much-fatigu'd *Leander* gain'd the ſhore.
She at the portal greets her darling Gueſt,
And ſtrains him panting to her heaving breaſt;
Thence leads him to her chamber, where ſhe vows
To ſink the Virgin in the happier Spouſe:
There with fond diligence, and duteous care,
Wipes off the briny moiſture from his hair:
Then o'er his body roſeat ſweets diſtills,
And all the ſea's unſav'ry odour kills.
Plac'd in her high-rais'd bed ſhe claſps him round,
Yet panting from his toil; with balmy ſound
Then ſoothes his ear, and ſoft endearing ſpeech,
Such as Love dictates, and the Graces teach:
" Alas! my Bridegroom, you have ſuffer'd more
" Than e'er the fondeſt Bridegroom did before.
" Much have you ſuffer'd, and enough have try'd
" The fiſhy rankneſs of the brackiſh tide.
" Come, let my breaſt your weary'd head ſuſtain,
" And reap that pleaſure, you have ſought with pain."

She ſpoke: the Youth ſtrait ſinks within her arms,
Melts in th' embrace, and crops her flow'ry charms.

With

With ardour Both the tender conflict prove,
And riot in a luxury of Love.
No Forms gave ſanction to their Bridal-bed,
No Hymns were caroll'd, and no Dances led:
No tuneful Bard connubial Juno prais'd,
No genial Torches round the chamber blaz'd:
Nor Swains or ſportive Damſels frolick'd there,
And envy'd pleaſures, which they could not ſhare.
No hymenæal Lay their Parents ſung,
And, as they chaunted, grew in fancy young.
Silence alone their couch prepar'd, and Gloom,
In ſables clad, ſupply'd the Bride-maid's room.
Night deck'd their ſpouſals: Day's all-ſeeing eye
Ne'er did *Leander*'s ſecret joys eſpy.
For ſoon as Morning bluſh'd with orient light,
Homeward he ſwims, as ſullen as a Sprite
Flits to the dreary grave; and like a Gueſt
Unfated, riſes from the luſcious feaſt.
Hero with art her Parents' thoughts bely'd,
By day a Virgin, and by night a Bride.
Both wiſh the ling'ring Sun would weſtward haſte,
And, e'er he ſets, an age imagine paſt.

Thus

Thus they the ſweets of furtive love enjoy'd,
Unſeen the canker, that their roſe deſtroy'd.
For now draws near their life and pleaſure's end,
And their vague nuptials to a period tend.

Now hoary Winter 'gan her gloomy reign,
And warring Tempeſts curl'd the angry Main:
Fell northern Blaſts along the ocean ſweep,
And from it's moiſt foundations rouze the deep:
The waves they ſcourge with loud tumultuous roar,
And whirl the ſurgy mountains to the ſhore.
The Mariner with fear foreboding eyes
The black'ning foam, and to the harbour flies;
There ſtrands his Bark, nor tempts the faithleſs ſea,
While wintry Storms exert their tyranny.
But nor the furrow'd brine, nor wintry wind
Thee, bold *Leander*, ſafe in port confin'd:
The wonted meſſage from the turret's height
Urg'd thee regardleſs of the watry fight.
Alas! with treachery to thee unknown
The cruel tranſitory Taper ſhone!

Hero methinks, 'till Winter's rage was fled,
Ought to have patient ſlept in widow'd bed:
Nor ſhould the love-ſtar with quick-waning ray
Have lur'd the Bridegroom o'er the dang'rous way.
But Love and Fate o'ercame: She inly chear'd
The torch funereal, not the nuptial, rear'd.

'Twas night: the Winds from every quarter blew,
And o'er the ſea in troops embody'd flew;
Their viewleſs darts they lanc'd, the deep uptore,
And 'gainſt the trembling beach with claſh impetuous bore.
'Twas then *Leander*, fluſh'd with eager hope,
Dar'd with the boiſt'rous element to cope.
On *Neptune*'s ſurging back ſublime he rides,
Defies the ruffling blaſt, and ruſhing tides.
Waves roll on waves, the billowy mountains riſe,
'Till the blue deep is blended with the ſkies:
Conteſting winds engage in adverſe lines,
Zephyrus in horrid fray with Eurus joins:
The North and South in rough encounter meet,
And Nereus bellows from his inmoſt ſeat.

Oft-times *Leander*, 'midſt the ſtormy rage
Venus beſought her native Main t'aſſwage:
Oft-times implor'd the ſea-green Monarch's aid,
And call'd to Boreas' mind th' Athenian maid.
But none compaſſion'd his forlorn eſtate,
And Love ſubmitted to the force of Fate.

Rude billows pelt him now on ev'ry ſide,
And whirl him in the ſtrong reſiſtleſs tide:
His feet their vigour loſe, his ſpirits waſte,
His hands grow torpid, and his nerves unbrac'd:
The waters ruſh tumultuous down his throat,
And gulps of deadly brine his body bloat.
Lo! cruel blaſts put out the Taper's blaze,
And with it cloſe the hapleſs Lover's days.

Wav'ring 'twixt hope and fear fond *Hero* ſtood,
And view'd with heart-felt ſtorm the ſtormy flood:
Doubts toſs'd her ſoul: the Morning ſtreak'd the ſkies,
But no *Leander* bleſs'd her longing eyes.
O'er the wide deep ſhe ſtretch'd her wand'ring ſight,
If ſhe could ſpy, extinct the faithleſs light,

Her roaming Spouſe. But when in luckleſs hour
She ſaw his corſe, all pallid, near the tow'r,
Mangled by ſavage rocks, in wild deſpair
She tore her veſtments, and her flowing hair:
Then from the Turret, with impetuous leap,
Ruſh'd headlong down into the roaring deep:
There claſp'd her lifeleſs Spouſe, well-pleas'd to find
Herſelf once more in ſtrict embraces join'd:
Suck'd his cold livid lips with failing breath,
By Waves unparted, undivorc'd by Death.

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FINIS.